## PHILIPPINES AT WORLD'S FAIR

**Complete Exhibition of Island People and Industries Covers Forty-seven Acres and Is Independent of Larger Show.**

Not even in the heart of Manila city could there be found forty-seven acres of Philippine territory as interesting as that amount of space covered by the islands' display at the World's Fair. Here is an exposition within an exposition, a little wheel that revolves independently of the larger one encompassing it.

Scores of buildings are filled with exhibits, native life is depicted by as many different villages as there are tribes on the islands, military drills are given by Philippine troops, and concerts are rendered by native bands. For its amusement features the Philippine exposition has the humorous Igorrote, who dines on dog meat, and visitors are entertained by Visayan actors and actresses. Nothing is lacking to make the show complete.

SOUTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS, WORLD'S FAIR.

The Administration building is a replica of the government offices in Manila, while the Art and Education building reproduces in miniature the cathedral within the walled city, even the mellowed tints of age being faithfully rendered. A section of the ancient but still serviceable town wall has been reconstructed to serve the double purpose of a gateway to the show and a museum of arms and war relics. The other main edifices are types of Filipino homes, being built of undressed timber, bamboo and rattan, with thatched roofs and broad verandas.

Then there are the tribal villages nestling under the trees, some of the houses perched high up among the boughs, others on piles above the waters of the Arrowhead lake, all of them actual dwellings fashioned of native materials by native workmanship and illustrating the manners, customs and pursuits of their occupants. Here are women weaving a coarse cloth on a rude hand loom, others making baskets, others tending irrigated fields of rice. One group of men are in village council, trying an offender according to their tribal laws; others are slowly moving in a circular dance to the thump of tomtoms and the clang of brass gongs; others, again, are smelting iron by the aid of a primitive but most ingenious bellows, the constituent parts of which are a bamboo tube and an air-tight mop of feathers working therein like the piston of a syringe. And these are but a few of an almost endless variety of life pictures.

The ethnological problem is a somewhat complicated one; but, although there are no fewer than sixteen races represented among the village dwellers, the scouts and the constabulary, each race speaking its own dialect and following its own customs, all may be roughly classified into four groups—the true aboriginals or non-Malays, the pagan Malays, the Christian Malays and the Mohammedan Malays.

The first are the dwarf Negritos, with dark skins and woolly heads, wearers of scanty raiment, proficient in the use of the bow and poisoned arrow, a race of nomads and forest dwellers, pagans pure and simple. They live in their own stockaded village.

Next to them are the Igorrotes, whose origin is traced back to the first wave of Malay invasion. Here, again, we have scanty clothing, amounting almost to nudity, but copper colored skins, long wavy tresses, pleasant featured faces and fine physiques, even though the stature be small. Among these pagan Malays are the head hunters and the dog eaters. They are savages, yet have their code of laws and a knowledge of several primitive industries.

The Christian Malays, produced by the second wave of invasion, are represented by the Visayans, a tall and handsome race, dressing well, living in pretty homes, skilled in weaving, dyeing, basket making, hat making, wood carving and other handicrafts, musicians of no mean merit, the one group of natives who came early and thoroughly under the influence of the early Spanish settlers.

Very different are the Moros, who swept into the islands from the Malay peninsula last of all, bringing with them their Mohammedan religion, also a knowledge of gunpowder acquired with the Koran from the Arabs—fanatics like their teachers, pirates, bloodthirsty, treacherous and vindictive fellows, ever at war among themselves and with the whole outside world. Despite their ferocity they are a clever race, dress handsomely, have their sultans and their slaves and are expert seamen, while long continued pillage on the high seas has surrounded them with many of the luxuries and conveniences of western civilization.

The buildings of Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries show all the varied natural products, also the extremely primitive processes as yet in vogue, while in the Women's building we are introduced to a number of native manufactures, including the beautiful fabrics from the jusi, banana and pineapple fibers. This information is collated in the Building of Commerce, where a unique and most effective method of exhibiting is followed. In one hall are samples of all the articles produced for export, among which manila fiber, of course, holds the chief place of prominence, while in a second hall are all the manufactures from every country that are imported and find a ready market among the populace. Thus the business man gets a dual lesson. He sees what he can profitably take from the islands, and also what he may profitably send to them. When it is added that a large number of representative Filipinos have been brought over to visit the Exposition and study American business methods and manufactures, it will be recognized that great benefit both to the islands and to the world at large must result from this work of mutual enlightenment.



## CONCERTS BY MASSED BANDS

**Prizes Aggregating $30,000 to Be Distributed at the World's Fair.**

Never were musical events in America planned upon such an elaborate scale as those of the World's Fair. A series of concerts will be given by competing bands in contest for prizes offered by the World's Fair. These contests will take place in Festival Hall, Sept. 12 to 17.

Nine cash prizes, aggregating $30,000, are offered for the successful bands. The prizes are divided so as to give to the organization scoring the highest number of points $3,250; $2,500 will be given to the band scoring the second highest number of points and $1,500 to the one getting the third highest number.

The above division is made for bands in Class A, which consist of twenty members. In the B class $12,000 will be given in prizes—first, $4,500; second, $3,500; third, $2,000.

Class C, which includes bands of thirty-five members, will enjoy the division of $12,750. For the organization scoring the highest number of points a prize of $6,000 has been named. The second prize is $4,000 and the third $2,700.

Bands employed by the Exposition are not permitted to contest. All players must be bona fide members, and each musician must have been enrolled at least three months prior to the date of the contest. Each band must send to the bureau the name of its members and a nominal entrance fee.

Festival Hall concerts by massed bands will be given at 7:30 each day during the contest, in which all contesting bands will take part under the direction of a distinguished conductor. All bands entering must agree to play one concert in addition to the competing concert and massed concerts.

A separate programme has been prepared by the Bureau of Music for each class, and each band will play through the full programme of its class. The numbers in all three programmes are by eminent composers and are chosen with the view of bringing out the qualities of the bands performing them. The list of composers includes Wagner, Gounod, Offenbach, Verdi, Saint-Saens, Bizet, Strauss and Leoncavallo.

## WEATHER AT WORLD'S FAIR.

**Cool Nights and Delightful Indian Summer to Be Expected at St. Louis.**

Usually the warmest month of the year, July proved to be one of the most pleasant of the World's Fair season, the average temperature being 67 degrees, a record lower than that made by either Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati or Chicago. The weather bureau records show that the temperatures in St. Louis during July were just between the extremes recorded at New Orleans and St. Paul, cities located at great variance.

August in St. Louis is a month of cool nights, and September and October are the most delightful months of the year. It is that period known as Indian summer, when the foliage and birds linger to challenge the coming winter. Nowhere on the American continent is there a spot more delightful than the World's Fair city, a garden of blooming flowers and spraying fountains.

St. Louis, like all cities, experienced several hot days during July, but her highest temperature recorded was 93 degrees against 94 degrees registered by the thermometer at Chicago. On the same day the mercury rose to 96 degrees in Philadelphia, and scores of heat prostrations were reported from New York and Boston.

The relative humidity shows St. Louis to be about normal. Assuming absolutely no moisture in the atmosphere to be zero and absolute wetness to be 100, the relative humidities for July, taken from the records of more than twenty years, Boston shows 70.6, New York 72.2, Philadelphia 68.6, Cincinnati 64.6, Chicago 66.9 and St. Louis 66.3. The same degree of heat in two places, with different degrees of humidity, would cause it to seem the hotter at the point of greater density.

St. Louis may therefore rightly claim to be a summer resort this summer, positively one of the most comfortable and delightful places on the map.

**Colors and Sunshine.**

A French authority had two thermometers—one of ordinary glass, the other painted black—placed in the sun. In the white glass the mercury rose to 144. Under the black paint it went up to 157 in the same position. The inference is that people who wear black coats are warmer in the sunshine than those who dress in white.

**Ancient Cross.**

An ancient stone cross is still preserved in England, near Mitchel Troy, which dates back to early Saxon times. The general lines are obviously of Saxon design, as are the quaint bosses used in the ornamentation. Its exact utility is in doubt, but it is supposed to have marked the meeting place of early Saxon tribes.

## *The Times' Daily Short Story.*

### The Childishness of Love

[Original.]

In 1895 there was a girl named Marguerite Bouryenval in France who had then been asleep or in a trance for eleven years. Corinne Butterfield, a little Yankee girl, went to sleep one night and did not awaken for ten years, but when she did awake she found as great a change in her surroundings as did Rip Van Winkle after his long slumber.

One night as Corinne was going to bed she was very badly frightened. She had lain her doll down on the bed, where it would be beside her when she slept, and had said her prayers when a burglar entered the room. Corinne lost consciousness and from that time forward lived in a trance. Her mother would not permit anything in the room to be changed, and when ten years later Corinne awoke there about her were the same walls, curtains, furniture—indeed, everything—just as it had been when she had gone to sleep ten years before, even to her doll beside her. There was no one in the room when she emerged from her trance, and she was obliged to get her bearings as best she could. She had no remembrance of her fright, but it seemed to her that she had passed a very bad night, sleeping heavily. She drew her doll up to her, but somehow it did not seem to have the same place in her affections as the night before. She sat up in bed, and there in the mirror on the dresser, where she had been used to seeing herself reflected, was the image of a girl of twenty.

Corinne started. Who was that lovely creature with a long coil of plaited hair hanging over her shoulder? From the image she turned to herself and saw that her limbs and body had grown, her breast had filled out—indeed, she was a woman. And by looking from herself to the reflection she was soon convinced that she and it were one and the same.

It would be impossible to portray the feelings of this girl, so suddenly awakened to the fact that since what was to her the night before she had become a woman. On a chair beside her bed was a complete set of clothing which her mother had always kept there, changing it as Corinne grew older and larger. Getting out of bed, she sat on a chair—for she did not at once dare stand—put on the clothes and as soon as she had done so, holding on to the furniture as she proceeded, left her room.

When Corinne had gone to sleep she had a little sweetheart, Bennie Hoyt, a fine little fellow thirteen years old. Bennie had watched the sleeper, seeing her grow from childhood to womanhood, and the love of a boy had passed to that of a man. He was used to coming to the house where lay his sleeping love every morning before going to business. When Corinne reached the landing and was about to go downstairs the front door opened, and a young man entered. Looking up, he saw her. A thrill of joy lighted up his face. He stretched out his arms to her and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

Corinne stood holding on to the banister, while the man, quickly mounting the stairs, took her in his arms, drew her to his breast and covered her face with kisses.

Corinne's sensations at this treatment were very different from anything she had ever experienced before. There was nothing unusual in being kissed by a man—she had sat on a man's lap, with her arms around his neck—but now these caresses brought the blood to her cheek.

"Tell me," she exclaimed, "who are you? Who am I? What does it all mean?"

"You have slept for ten years," he said. "Come; I will tell you all about it."

Young Hoyt was eager to spread the good news that the sleeper had been awakened, but there was no one just then in the house except the servants, so he led Corinne downstairs to the library, where he told her of her scare of ten years before, how it had thrown her into a trance, how she had been cared for by those nearest to her and how his childish affection of a decade before had grown while she slept to the love of a man.

"And now, dear heart," he said, "your love for me has stood still. I shall have to win you as a man. This I hope to do, and soon you will be my wife."

"And shall we have a little house of our own, with dinner sets and furniture and a place for dolly"—

The last few words were spoken hesitatingly, with a glimmer of consciousness that her doll would give place to a doll of a different kind. She blushed and hid her face on his breast.

Hoyt started. He had often thought of this awakening and had endeavored to prepare himself for a mind that had not been developed with the body. He had feared that Corinne's deficiency would dissolve the love he bore her.

Some one has said that lovers are nothing more than grown children. Hoyt discovered that, instead of wishing to bring Corinne up to his standard, he, as a lover, sank to hers. She was to him "my sweet little girl," "my own pet," "dear bunny." A dozen times a day he asked her: "Are you growing to love me?" "Are you sure you don't love any one else?" "Would you miss me if I should go away?" "What would I do if I should lose my little birdie?"

The courtship was a long one, for Corinne must condense eight or nine years' schooling into three or four. When she was twenty-three they were married and began to talk about practical things like men and women. But, had it not been that lovers are children, when she awoke Hoyt would have left her for a mentally developed woman.

F. A. MITCHEL.

## CAMPAIGN BANNERS.

**Their Cost and the Method of Making Them.**

**PRESENT NOMINEES EASY TO PAINT**

**Portrait Artist Says He Can Make Eight Pictures of Any of the Presidential or Vice Presidential Candidates in a Day—Twelve Men Needed to Construct One Banner.**

"I can crack out eight portraits of any of the candidates in one day," remarked the artist in the variegated overalls as he added a touch of color to Mr. Roosevelt's mustache, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Any old kind of copy will do. A picture clipped from a magazine often serves if a photograph is not easily procurable. One does not have to bother with the lines of the face in making a picture for a campaign banner. So long as it looks the part from the sidewalk the picture passes muster."

The artist went on to explain that the present presidential and vice presidential candidates are especially easy to paint. All have faces with strongly marked characteristics that make it almost impossible for a campaign banner artist to wander from a real resemblance. President Roosevelt, with eyeglasses, round face and low collar, hair parted slightly on the side and a set, determined look, is not a difficult problem for the campaign banner artist. Fairbanks has a peculiarly high forehead and a beard that is peculiar to himself. Put a Fairbanks beard on almost any face, say the artists of the street banners, and the face will look Fairbanksish. Parker has a judicial face, with no extraordinary lines to bother the painter who counts on turning out eight portraits of the Democratic candidate per day, and Davis, with his pointed white beard, is a blessing to the artist of the campaign variety.

It taxes the energies of twelve men to make one of the campaign banners that are now being flung to the breeze in American cities. Two men prepare the strips on which the lettering is done. Two more attend to the lettering of these strips, painting the names of the clubs or associations ordering the banners, the captions for the portraits and the offices for which the nominees are to contend. Two men work on the centerpieces, the eagle and the shield of the E Pluribus Unum. One man works on the special portraits, and the rest assemble the various parts, sew the strips together at sewing machines or get down on the floor and hand sew them to the netting.

Some of the men employed in the making of the campaign banner are artists who have come into the field by the straight gate, but the majority have climbed over the wall. The former class are made up of graduates from the art schools who find in the great demand for their services during the campaign rush a more remunerative field than in painting pictures that no one will buy. It is this class that attends to the painting of the portraits of candidates. By working on the same faces day after day these men become so skillful and so quick that they can paint a Roosevelt or a Parker in the dark with their eyes shut, and paint it as true to life as the standard of the campaign banner industry requires.

Some men who arrive at the dignity of special portrait artists without artistic training are those who have passed their apprenticeship in the sign painter's studio. With a natural aptitude for the work they pick up the portrait phase of the campaign banner business and make good money while their less ambitious or less skillful associates are sewing strips or "filling in."

This last is an interesting part of the work of making a campaign banner and explains why these gaudy adjuncts of the political campaign are made so quickly. The letters used on a campaign banner must be of enormous size in order that the voters may readily read the legend intended to appeal to them. It would not pay to employ the real artists to finish off the letters, so these men merely outline the letters and then hand the paint pot over to one of the "fillers in," who proceeds to make a solid letter of what is but a skeleton when he begins operations. It is the same with the eagles and the shields. One man does the groundwork, another comes along to add the necessary amount of paint to solidify the picture.

Finally when the various strips are dry and have been sewed together by one of the machinists the various parts are assembled to be put together to form the completed banner. The large houses set apart a loft with an extensive floor space for the express use of the men who assemble the banners. Smaller houses usually hire a lot in the vicinity of the place of business. The network on which the banner is placed is spread out on the floor, and the men sit around in various parts of the room, sewing the strips into place. When the strips have been symmetrically fastened into their positions on the netting the banner is ready for hoisting. One of these banners of the average degree of gaudiness will cost about $200. The usual size is about 20 by 30 feet, but some are made as large as 30 by 50 feet.

## RECENT INVENTIONS.

A Joliet man has invented a process for making steel beer kegs, using old rails.

A twenty-six inch umbrella that will fold up and go in an inside pocket without crowding has been invented and constructed by a Minneapolis man.

An Austrian has invented safety reins for runaway horses, by means of which two small rollers can be made to press the horse's windpipe when desired. The animal must stop at once for want of breath.

Lieutenant Turc of the French military marine has invented a new type of ship which does not roll or pitch. The hull is entirely submerged like a submarine, and it supports two vertical walls, on which are built the decks or ship proper, with its engines and living accommodation.

**Burning Chimneys.**

To extinguish a chimney on fire take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphurous fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.